summer rain

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summer rain

by signifier

Summary

“Don’t you ever, ever, do something that stupid again.” John thinks if he concentrates he can feel the sharp of Gale’s nails through his jacket. “Our time’s gonna come.”

When still, Bucky says nothing, Gale loosens his grip and places his hands softly on either side of John’s head. He places a delicate kiss on his cheek, his forehead, the bridge of his nose.

“You gotta stay with me,” he says, pleading.

I can feel this, Bucky thinks. Let this be the only thing I feel.

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The one where Bucky doesn’t cope very well with being a prisoner of war, and Gale is there to keep him grounded.

Notes

i banged this one out in like an hour before i left my house so! might make some changes later but just wanted to get it out there :))

See the end of the work for more notes

Bucky had been a prisoner of war for seven months now, and to say he was taken it badly would he an understatement. He'd quite literally be gnawing at the bars of his cage if he could get close enough to the fence without being shot.

He's stood in the open right now, thinking about it. The metal on his tongue, the barbs sinking into his teeth, the bullet finding its home in his brain.

He just wanted to feel something. If that was to be the wet slowly spreading through his clothes, the sharp pain that would fade to a dull ache, the metal scraping his lungs and his ribs and his heart-

Bucky moves without realising. He blinks, trying to clear the clouds from his vision, and suddenly he's five steps closer to the fence. Was he pushed? Did he make his own way closer?

A rush of panic claws its way up his lungs and expels out of his mouth in a manic laugh. That's probably something he should remember.

He takes another step, nobodies stopped him yet, and if he could just sink one of those barbs into the palm of his hand…

The butt of a rifle is shoved viciously into the bottom of his ribs. He falls, winded, pain blossoming through his chest.

Finally, he thinks, *finally, finally*.

He jumps to his feet, spurred on by the dull ache in his ribs, but before he can even pull his hand back to ready a punch, there's an arm around his waist, and a warm body at his back.

John doesn't need three guesses to know who it is.

"I'm sorry," Buck says, earnest, desperate, spinning them around so he's in-between Bucky and the soldier, "he's sorry."

"I'm no-" he starts to correct, fire and pettiness burning on his tongue.

Buck shoves him forward, hard, towards the cabins and away from the edge of the camp. That helps, a little. He tries to think clearly for a moment, tries to focus on the lingering feeling of Buck's hands on his back, tries to calm down enough to make the smart decision.

Buck's there, then. A tight hand on his bicep, marching him to their cabin. Bucky doesn't know what he said to the soldier to ease the

situation, but he's sure he'll be thankful when the fog has cleared from his mind.

He can feel the anger and the worry rolling off of Buck in waves. He tries to catch his eye, but Gale always beats him at poker for a reason, and he does nothing but stare straight ahead until they're back in their cabin.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Buck shouts, a rhetorical question. "Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Bucky's not sure if the second question is rhetorical, and he doesn't know the answer, anyway. He says nothing, just stares at Gale, trying to see him fully without the fog covering his face.

Buck comes closer, grips his arms tightly.

"Don't you ever, *ever,* do something that stupid again." John thinks if he concentrates he can feel the sharp of Gale's nails through his jacket. "Our time's gonna come."

When still, Bucky says nothing, Gale loosens his grip and places his hands softly on either side of John's head. He places a delicate kiss on his cheek, his forehead, the bridge of his nose.

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Bucky sits on the edge of his bed, squinting across the dark to watch the steady rise and fall of Gale's sleeping form.

He's working himself up to cross the floor and join him. Buck wouldn't mind, he never does, but sleep is hard to come by in this place, John knows that very well, and with the stillness of the night in his head and his lungs, he's trying to make rational choices.

He stands, tiptoes across the floor to avoid the boards he knows would betray him, and slips into the bed.

Gale makes a soft noise in acknowledgement when the blanket lifts, and the bed dips. He must be somewhere between sleep and whatever this reality is that they live in nowadays.

Bucky snakes a hand around his waist, shifting closer and closer until

his stomach is flush with Buck's back. Sometimes he wants to be inside him - not in a sexual way - but sometimes holding him like this just isn't enough. He wants to be closer, wants to literally get under his skin. That way, Gale could never go anywhere that he couldn't follow. The fog wouldn't be able to chase him anymore.

A cold hand lands over his own and squeezes.

"I'm sorry," Bucky whispers feather-light into the back of Gale's neck.

Another squeeze of the hand.

"I know," Buck replies, his voice thick from being near sleep. "It's alright."

"It's *not*." John rests his forehead against the back of Buck's, hoping desperately, madly, that he could push all of the things he couldn't explain right into Buck's mind. "This place-"

"I know," and then, "it won't be forever."

"You don't know that." He can't stop his voice from rising. "You *do not* know that."

"Hey." Buck shifts, leans back against him and turns his head to look over his shoulder. His voice is still low, still whisper-quiet, but there's a comforting steadiness to it. "*Relax*. Calm down. You're right here with me, and I'm telling you it won't be forever."

He's so sure. He's always so sure.

Once, when they were both on leave in England, Bucky had wanted to go to the beach.

It was the middle of summer, a beautiful, scorching July, and when Bucky had shown up at the foot of Gale's bed and declared that it was, indeed, the most perfect day for the beach they'd ever see, Buck had crossed to the window, looked up at the crystal blue sky and said, "it's gonna rain."

John had looked at the sky, back to Gale, at the sky again, and wondered how someone so dumb had made Major.

They'd travelled to the coastline, Bucky driving fast with his hand on Buck's thigh, the rush of the touch and the wind and the heat putting the pedal to the floor.

And just as they'd reached the ocean, just as Bucky had kicked off his shoes and rolled up his trousers, the sky had opened up and unleashed heaven upon them.

"Hate to say I told you so," Buck had started to say, smug as anything, but he didn't get to finish his sentence before Bucky had tackled him to the ground.

They'd rolled, and laughed, and wrestled, sand in their hair, their mouths, under their skin. They were soaked to the bone in minutes but with the other so close, neither of them could find it in themselves to care. They'd found a secluded spot and kissed the rain from each other's skin.

In the here and now, Bucky places a kiss to the side of Gale's face, the back of his neck, trying desperately to imagine the cold of his skin is just from the rain.

It won't be forever. If Buck said it, it must be true.

End Notes

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